

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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LOOKING AT THE ECLIPSE.

FRED'S APPRENTICESHIP.

BY KATE L. BROWN.



THE schoolroom was very still. Through the western windows the afternoon sunshine crept, spreading its long yellow fingers over the dusty floor and worn desks. The old clock pointed to a quarter of five, and a big fly droned sleepily against the pane. Suddenly the door opened and a small boy bounced in and went tearing down the aisle. At this, another boy started nervously from his seat, and boy number one stopped short in surprise.

"Why, Gray!" he exclaimed, "what are you here for? Come out and have a game of ball. The fellows from the Dyer are waiting for us on the Common. I just came in for my belt."

"No, I can't," replied boy number one, disconsolately. "I would be only too glad to have the chance to go home. I must make up my arithmetic."

"What! the examples we had to-day? Why, those are as easy as anything. Any baby could do them."

A bright flush crept up Phil Gray's face.

"Easy to you, perhaps, — a fellow who can go to school all the time."

"Why, can't you?" said Fred Barton, eying him curiously.

"No, I can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm a cash-boy in your uncle's store, and I can go to school only the time required by law. I wonder how you'd get on if you were in my place?"

"Well, I say, what do you do it for? Is it for pocket money?"

"Oh, yes, of course," retorted Phil. "I am on the jump from eight to six every day for just two dollars a week. Of course it's for pocket money."

"Come, now," said Fred, good-humoredly, "don't get mad. I didn't mean to be inquisitive."

"I am perfectly willing to tell you that I work to help my mother. My money just pays the rent. We are poor."

Fred Barton looked at his companion with still greater surprise. He was not ignorant of the fact that a great many boys, even of his own age, were obliged to take a part in the working world; yet somehow the fact had never pressed home so strongly before. A great feeling of sympathy swelled up in his heart. He longed to express it, but being a boy felt awkward, and said nothing.

Meanwhile Phil with a weary sigh took up his work again.

Fred looked over his shoulder for a moment, then said, "Does the man build a fence only half-way around his garden?"

"Why, what a goose I am!" cried Phil, his face brightening; "no wonder the answer would n't come right."

"In that seventh example it says that the man paid \$1.75 a yard for his carpet; you have the area of the floor still in square feet," continued Fred. "Well, I must be off; sorry you can't go, old fellow!" and with two or three bounds he was out of the door.

Phil worked away with a lighter heart, and in a short time finished his examples, solving them

correctly. Mr. Tilden, the sub-master, was in his recitation-room correcting test papers. Phil carried his paper to him and was dismissed.

After leaving the school building, he hurried away, not even stopping to watch the ball game on the Common.

Twenty minutes of brisk walking brought him into a very narrow, shabby street. The sidewalks swarmed with children, who called to him from either side to come and join their games. But he went on until he reached a house even lower and shabbier than its neighbors. The front window was, however, as clear as hands could make it, and in that window three pretty heads were nodding eagerly in welcome. Phil opened the front door that the Grays used in common with other tenants. The hall-way was very dark and narrow, but little hands had pulled the door open, and a small figure danced on the threshold.

"Tum! tum! Philly, my Philly, tum home!" said a roguish voice.

"Heigh-ho! Dilly, you naughty girl, come here, and let me whip you," said Phil, making a dive for the little elf, who slipped back, and ran behind her sister's chair laughing like a very witch.

In the small arm-chair sat a girl about fourteen, smiling and pretty, but very thin and pale. Lesley Gray had not walked a step since that day, nine years ago, when she fell downstairs, and her long weariness and suffering began. By her side stood a small boy of seven with a somewhat doleful countenance. Bennie Gray's small world was as full of trouble as most grown people's, and he even thus early was in the habit of looking on the dark side.

The four children had features very nearly alike; but Phil's eyes were brown, Lesley's a quiet gray, Bennie's hazel, and Dilly's a laughing, cloudless blue. Three of the heads were brown, but Dilly's wayward locks waved and rippled like a golden fleece. She was as sweet and dainty and fair, this little sister, as any rich child on the broad avenue by the great Park.

"Well, Bennie, how did you get on to-day?" said Phil.

Bennie's mouth drew down soberly.

"Tom Briggs hit me to-day. It hurt offle, and I just didn't do anything to him," he began, waxing warm over the memory of his wrongs.

"Never mind, dear," said Lesley, brightly, "it doesn't hurt now. I guess Tom was sorry. Did n't he give you a real big apple?"

"Yes, he did; but Dilly took almost half of it when I let her bite. I never saw such a big mouth as that child has. It's just like an alligator's."

"I is n't!" cried Dilly, "isn't nalligaty, 't all. You is, so now!" stamping her wee foot.

"Never mind," said Phil, hastily, "let's play bear. Lesley, sha'n't I help you on to the sofa?"

"Yes, please, Phil. I've been up ever since mother went out at noon."

Phil pushed the chair over to the shabby sofa, Dilly trying to help, while Bennie beat up the very lean pillow without being told to.

Lesley could help herself a little, and with Phil's assistance was soon on the sofa.

"Has the pain been very bad to-day?" whispered Phil, as he tucked an old shawl over her.

"Not very, dear, only Dilly has been so naughty! Just think, she got the scissors and began to cut off her hair! If Bennie had n't come in then and got them away from her, I don't know what I should have done."

A most lively game of "wild bear" ensued, in which there was much screaming and growling, and rushing to and fro. Lesley lay on her sofa and laughed, Bennie forgot his woes, and Dilly was in her element.

As the door opened again, and a dear little woman in rusty mourning stood on the threshold smiling at the fun, the poor room seemed glorified; for had not Mother come home?

Fred Barton finished his ball game and went slowly home under the glowing sunset skies.

Home for him meant a large brownstone mansion near the park. It meant a velvet lawn studded with beds of brilliant autumn flowers, fountains tinkling softly, and marble statues peering from the shade. Inside, it meant all the beauty, comfort, and luxury that taste could dictate or money buy.

Tea was over, and Mr. Barton sat in the Sleepy Hollow chair, beside an open wood-fire. Fred lay at his feet, his head pillowed on Bruno's shaggy coat. There had been silence for some moments, both parties seeming to be content with their own thoughts.

At last Fred remarked meditatively, "Father, has a man a right to own anything he does n't earn?"

Mr. Barton smiled a little as he met the thoughtful blue eyes.

"Well, my boy, if he has n't the right, then you and I both hold in our hands a great deal that does n't belong to us."

"Why should I have so much, and Phil Gray next to nothing?"

"Who is Phil Gray?" inquired Mr. Barton, wishing to postpone the question.

"He's a fellow who goes to school. He's a cash-boy in Uncle Sam's store. He wants to go to school, but he can only go the number of weeks the law requires. He earns two dollars a week, and that just pays his mother's rent. Just think of my keeping a house over our heads."

"It would be a surprising fact," said Mr. Barton; and both father and son laughed heartily at the thought.

"You know there are gifts to be considered. We are glad to give things to those we love," resumed Mr. Barton.

"Well, Pop, in that case God must love us tremendously and Phil Gray very little."

"The Bible teaches us that the Father cares for all his children with equal tenderness."

"I know it; so it can't be true that we are rich because we are any better loved than any one else."

"Perhaps people who have wealth are given it to do good with," suggested Mr. Barton.

"If that is so, then why don't we use our money so?"

"What very learned discussion is going on here?" said a kindly voice; and Mr. Hastings, the pastor of the family, stepped into the circle with the air of a privileged friend.

"You've come just in time, Kenneth," remarked Mr. Barton, rolling up another easy-chair. "This fellow of mine is raising questions that generation after generation have met and pondered over. Why is it that we have so much and others so little?"

"Pop says that we who have much ought to help those who have little. Now, I say we don't; and are n't we to blame because other people suffer?" and the boy's eyes shone brightly eager in the fire's glow.

"I think that nearly all, if not all suffering comes because some one, or many, do not do their

duty. If every one tried his level best, the work of the world wouldn't be any more than done," said Mr. Hastings. "But every one *does n't* do his best, and see what a world it makes! At any rate, one thing is very clear: you who have so much ought to do all you can to help the boys who have little. Perhaps an earnest doing on your part would settle some of these questions for you, or help settle them."

Fred made no reply, but gazed steadily into the fire, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

In the days that followed, a pleasant intimacy sprang up between the two boys.

Once Fred had a bar of peanut taffy given him. He ate a little piece, then, wrapping the rest in paper, put it into Phil's desk. Phil nodded brightly when he found it, and the little folks at home had a feast that night.

Fred did not care for the ordinary school studies, but got on well because he had great ability. He had the art of asking such skilful questions, without telling anything directly himself, that he was able to lead along Phil's slower mind until the solution of those troublesome problems was made plain. He also had a very winsome way in addressing his friend, and Phil's heart always beat more quickly when he met that bright glance. Without knowing it, perhaps, the two boys were growing into a strong, pure friendship, the loveliest and truest experience life can give.

In November Fred's birthday came, and with it a splendid new bicycle. His joy was complete; he dreamed of it by night, and spent much of his spare time in fingering its shining plating. He learned to ride, after many tumbles, and one Saturday decided to take an outing on the smooth avenues near his home.

All went well. It was a lovely day; the bicycle worked charmingly, and the boy's heart was full of happiness. He went farther than he planned, and when he thought of returning home, began to consider if he might take a short cut through some cross street and get on to his own avenue quicker. He turned down a very narrow street. Why should that big dog have bounced out of the alley-way just in time to come in contact with the machine? Who can answer such a question? The black dog came as if he had planned the attack, and over went the bicycle. Such a sight as it was, — boy, dog, bicycle, all mixed in one indescribable heap, with clouds of dust rising in the air! The dog gave an astonished yelp, shook himself free, and disappeared down the street. The bicycle rolled a short distance, but the boy lay very still. A crowd of people gathered about, and one boy, not much older, raised his head, his own face quite as pale as Fred's.

"I know him," said Phil Gray. "Help me, some one! Carry him right into my house!"

So when Fred, stunned and dizzy, opened his eyes, he was in the shabby little room, with a circle of strange faces about him, — all strange save one, his friend Phil's.

For a moment he lay trying to collect his thoughts; then to their intense astonishment he burst into a hearty laugh. Phil looked at him as if he feared he had lost his senses.

"I was thinking how surprised that dog must have been," said Fred. "Where am I? Why, I'm not hurt."

He lifted his head from the pillow, then dropped it again with a groan. "How dizzy I am! Guess I did give my head a whack."

He felt of his arms and legs in a most comical

fashion, then lay back quietly, the color coming and going in his face.

"You're in my house," whispered Phil, "and we'll take care of you."

Fred nodded. "Course you will, old fellow. Whew! what makes me so dizzy?"

The doctor soon came, and examined the boy carefully. No bones were broken, nor were there any internal injuries; but his head was badly bruised and his back strained.

Word had been sent to the grand house on the avenue, and Mrs. Ryder, the housekeeper, came down in a great fright.

Mr. Barton was in Washington, and his uncle's family had a case of scarlet fever.

"The boy must not be moved for several days, at least," said Dr. Stone, decidedly.

"He can't stay here," said Mrs. Ryder as decidedly.

Mrs. Gray came forward. "There is a room unoccupied upstairs," she said; "we will do the best we can for him."

Dr. Stone looked in her sweet, motherly face, and then at Mrs. Ryder's hard, shrewd countenance. His glance swept around the room, which if shabby was still neat and homelike.

"I will look at the room," he said.

Mrs. Gray accompanied him upstairs. In a few moments they came down. "It is best for him to remain here overnight, at least. I will send a hospital bed right away," he said as he hurried out.

Mrs. Ryder followed him, and they had a low conversation on the doorstep.

She came back and said to Fred, "I will come to-morrow; the doctor thinks I can't be of any help now."

He said good-night pleasantly, but looked relieved when the door closed behind her.

The bed arrived in due season, and Fred was carried to the upper room. With all their care it jarred him greatly, though he bit his lip to keep back the cry of pain that seemed almost inevitable.

After he had been undressed and put to bed he felt better, and was ready even to joke with Phil, who hovered anxiously near. The night, however, was a long, hard one. Fred lay in a high fever, flushed and nervous. His head ached, his back ached, he was nervous and miserable. Mrs. Gray sat by his side, now fanning him, now bathing his hot face. At last, about two o'clock, the boy broke into a low nervous sobbing. Mrs. Gray hesitated no longer. "Put your arms about my neck," she said. Fred did so, and she lifted him so carefully that he scarce felt the jar.

He nestled into her arms with a sigh of content, and as she drew the blankets over him, said heartily, "This is so good."

"Does n't it hurt your back, Fred?" she inquired tenderly.

"It takes away the nervousness, and that makes my back feel better," he replied.

In a short time he fell asleep. All the rest of the night she sat there, scarce stirring. Fred moaned, and started in his sleep once in a while, but a word from her seemed to calm him. When morning broke he declared that he felt almost well again, and the doctor coming later complimented Mrs. Gray upon the good appearance of her patient.

When Mr. Barton arrived, Fred declared that he would stay where he was, and the doctor upheld him in his decision.

(To be concluded in our next.)

History and Biography.

"FOR CONSCIENCE'S SAKE."

BY G. D. P.

WHEN Thomas Thrush was a boy, he used to run up the hill behind his father's house to look out at the sea. He lived on a large farm in Yorkshire, England, and his father was a farmer; but Thomas longed to be a sailor. It seemed to him there could be nothing more noble than to be a sailor in one of her Majesty's great ships of war, and to fight there for his country; and Thomas Thrush wanted to lead a noble life. But his good mother could not be brought to give her consent; so Thomas put those thoughts away, and when he was old enough served his apprenticeship with a draper, and learned the trade. That business, however, did not prove remunerative, and the old longing for the sea came back to him. He wrote to his mother, and this time obtained her permission to become a sailor.

The same traits which made Thomas a good son, — obedience and conscientiousness, — made him a good sailor; and in a few years he was raised to the position of Commander in the Royal Navy. Later in life, worn out by long and faithful service and the ravages of fever, he retired on half-pay.

In the quiet life he led then, Mr. Thrush had time to read and think; and being a religious man, he was led to think on religious subjects. To the surprise and disgust of his friends, this reading and thinking led him to embrace the views of the Unitarians. At that time (it was very early in this century) Unitarianism was considered the greatest of all heresies, and it required no small courage to proclaim oneself of that belief. But Thomas Thrush was not a man to hesitate; he announced his change openly. Old and dear friends turned the cold shoulder; hard words and harder looks met him on all sides. But he did not flinch. Nor was this all. The more he thought of the life of Jesus, whom he now accepted as his Elder Brother, the more it seemed to him that Jesus had come as a teacher of peace; and soon he saw clearly that all war was wicked.

"Well, and what then?" you say. Thomas Thrush hardly waited to ask the question of himself. If war was wrong, what right had he to his half-pay, which was won by years of service in the profession of war? If he was really to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, he must renounce that which was obtained in direct opposition to his commands. So, old man though he was, he resigned his commission. He and his wife moved to a meaner home, where they lived until his death, practising the most rigid economy.

All this for conscience's sake! "How foolish!" some worldly-wise people would say. Not so, Jesus of Nazareth, I am sure. Thomas Thrush was a hero, and his bravest deeds were done in the cause of peace, not war. His last years were employed in the circulation of tracts on peace, which he wrote and printed himself.

To be a Unitarian is not now to be avoided and despised. Unitarianism has spread far and wide, and the truth of its spirit, if not of its doctrines, is recognized in the world. We ought, however, not to forget those who professed the faith when it took courage to do so. And when we are inclined to profess with our lips and deny by our lives, let us remember Thomas Thrush, the naval Commander, who saw the right thing to do and did it for conscience's sake.

Our Letter-Box.

THE Editor is very much interested in Master Allen's letter. Will not he or some one of our readers who has studied United States history tell us at what time Washington had his headquarters at Newburg, and what great event took place while he was there? The Editor would be pleased to receive from others among his young readers brief accounts of some of their vacation-pleasures.

CORNWALL-ON-THE-HUDSON, August, 1887.

MY DEAR EDITOR, — I live in Groton, Mass., and am spending my vacation here in Cornwall, New York. My Aunt Lucy went with me to Worcester, and put me on board a parlor-car, and I came from there to New York city; and I stayed in the car till my father came in the car for me, and then we crossed the Hudson River and took a train for Cornwall, New York. I was twelve hours making the journey, — from quarter of eight in the morning to quarter of eight at night. On the way I counted one hundred and thirty-seven engines.

I am having splendid times here in Cornwall. We go riding or rowing nearly every day. One time we had a row up Moodna Creek, and we went up the rapids. It had been raining very hard, and the water was high and the current was very swift. It was so swift that we could not row against it, and Papa got out of the boat and pulled us up the rapids; and when we came down the boat turned sideways and struck a big rock, and we were nearly upset.

One day we went up to Newburg to get me a suit of clothes, and then we went to Washington's headquarters. This is a little park where George Washington lived in the Revolutionary War, when in command of the troops at Newburg. The house is a large stone house, and I saw there a big old clock and a big fireplace, — big enough for cord-wood sticks; and there was a lot of old pictures of the old generals of the Revolutionary War. There were a great many old muskets and swords and cartridge-boxes. There were cases on tables containing old letters and writings of George Washington and other generals. The old straight-backed chairs, and plates and dishes, and the old andirons are there yet. In the park are many cannons and mortars and cannon-balls that they had in the Revolutionary War. Some of the cannons were at Plum Point, a mile from Cornwall. We went up by train and came back by boat. The boat's name is the "River Belle."

Another day we went over to Plum Point to see the old earth-works built in the Revolutionary War to prevent the British ships from going up the river. We can still see the holes in the earth-works where the cannons were put. The holes are about twenty feet apart. The earth-works now are all grown over with big trees. Papa rowed the boat over to the point, and I rowed it all the way back to the row-boat landing, about three quarters of a mile.

We went on a fifteen-mile ride the next day; and then we went on a picnic on Monday over to Snake Hill; and then we went to the top of the hill, and when we came down one of my friends and I ran all the way down the hill and got down in five minutes. It is three quarters of a mile down. Then we all got into the team and drove into the woods to eat our dinner, and then it was about half-past five. There was a railroad in the woods, and we had trouble about getting home, because there were three freight-trains there working, for there was a depot there.

Yesterday Papa and I went to New York. We crossed the river at Cornwall in a little steamboat named "Storm King," and went down on the east side. We stopped first at Harlem, where we had a ride on the cable-cars. Then we went to the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park. We stayed nearly all day in New York. I saw lots of pretty birds put in cases on branches, and their nests made in the grass. There was quite a large bird that built its nest in some grass, and his nest was made of the old dried sea-weed.

CLEVELAND ALLEN, age nine years.

BENNINGTON, VT., August, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR, — I did n't write when Hattie died because I had to practise the piece I was to play the last day of school. Owing to be rain, our str. arms have been full, not, however, overflowing. They are going down some now. Hattie made a post-office out of shingles

and some other things, and I play with it. The mail comes in at ten and five (that is, at our post-office). Mamma sorted over some letters the other day, and we took the waste letters and took the paper with no writing on it and that only written on one side, and made note-paper of it. We have a good time with it. I am going to have a doll's party this afternoon. There will be five dolls besides the one used as hostess. Her name is Evelyn. . . . I will not write any more now, so good-by.

With love,

EDNA.

GROTON, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR, — I am going to tell you about my vacation. I went to Forge Pond one day. I stayed all day. In the afternoon I went fishing and caught about two dozen fish. At night, as I was going home, I and two other boys killed a snake. It was about three feet long. One day I went to Cady's Pond fishing, and hauled a turtle up to the banking so that I could see him. My father grabbed the line and tried to pull him out; but the turtle broke the line and carried the hook and sinker away. He was about as big over as the bottom of a bushel basket.

RALPH P. STEVENS, ten years old.

ENIGMA IV.

I AM composed of 14 letters.

My 6, 13, 11, is a petted animal.

My 1, 3, 14, is an abbreviated name.

My 12, 13, 4, 5, is a girl's name.

My 6, 13, 8, 11, is a conveyance.

My 11, 9, 1, 2, is what all think they haven't enough of, when in fact they have all there is.

My 7, 13, 4, 2, 10, are very timid animals.

My whole is what I shall wish all the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY in a few months.

HATTIE P. KNAPP.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 1.

ENIGMA I.

Cape Cod Bay.

ENIGMA II.

"Men of words and not of deeds

Are like gardens filled with weeds."

OLD TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

"Shalt thou indeed reign over us?" (Genesis xxxvii. 8.) "Am I in the place of God?" (Genesis i. 19.)

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. The Feast of In-gathering, because it took place in the autumn when the corn, wine, and oil were gathered in.

2. It was to be a thanksgiving for the harvest, and a commemoration of the time when the Israelites dwelt in tents. (Lev. xxiii. 43.)

3. The great number of sacrifices offered, and the booths in which the people lived.

4. See Numbers xxix. 12-38.

5. The booths were to be built of branches of trees, and to be not more than thirty nor less than three feet high, and were to be furnished in the plainest manner. (See Lev. xxiii. 40; Deut. xvi. 10-16.)

EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings!

Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I — ere I sleep — at peace may be.

— Selected.

For Youngest Readers.

MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT STORY.

BY GRACE W. WEBBER.



IRED little Susie had just passed, through the room, kissing everybody good-night. Then taking up her three dolls in her arms, she wearily followed her mamma upstairs to her own little room. She tucked up her dollies in their snug little beds, and then sleepily said her prayers, not forgetting one of her family or friends, and remembering even her dollies and kitties.

Just as her mamma was going to lift her into bed, a sleepy voice said. "Please, mamma, wock me to-night, and tell me a wee little 'tory? Me don't feel dood."

Although it was contrary to rules to rock her to sleep, the mother could not resist the sweet pleading voice. She took the darling in her arms, and asked what kind of story her little girl wanted.

"Me want once-upon-a-time 'tory, Mamma," said Susie.

So the mother began:—

"Once upon a time there was a big mother cat named Tabby, who had a naughty little daughter cat named Tibby. Tab tried to teach Tib all good things kitties have to learn. But Tibby was such a naughty little kittie that she did not heed what her mother said, so was always getting into trouble. One day her mother told her not to go out-side the back gate, because dogs were in the street, and they loved to chase cats.

"While Tab was sleeping on the door-mat, the butcher came in and left the gate open. Little Tib slipped out, and stood for a moment looking into the butcher's cart, wishing for some of the nice fresh meat she saw there. Quick as thought a dog rushed out from a yard near by, growled at Tib, and tried to bite her. Tibby was so frightened she did not know what to do, so she ran up a tree. The dog stood at the foot of the tree, barking as hard as he could. Poor Tib did not dare to come down. When Tabby woke up, and could not find Tibby, she began to mew and run around in all directions. At last she heard her baby crying in the tree, and seeing the dog, she began spitting at him and scratching him. The dog turned on her at first, but Tab stood her ground pretty well, and drove the dog away. Tib slowly came down the tree, ashamed and sorry, mewling and coaxing around her mamma as if promising never to be naughty again. Of course Tabby forgave her, as all mammas do, and proved it by kissing her all over.

"After this, Tibby tried hard to be good, and found it always the best way to do."

By this time Susie was almost asleep, and her mother laid her down gently in her own little crib.



A DISH OF AUTUMN FRUIT.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE EIDER-DUCK.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

In a far northern country, one day, a man was walking along with a gun upon his shoulder. Beside him was his little son. Suddenly the boy raised his hand and pointed at a large bird standing upon a rock above their heads. The bird seemed to be hard at work; it spread its wings, bent its head, and leaped about.

"There, father, is a fine great bird; shoot! oh, shoot it, quick!"

The father hesitated. He knew that he must supply his family with food, but he did not like to kill the bird.

"Why don't you shoot, father? The bird will be gone. What makes her act so queer? What is she doing?"

"She is a fine large bird, my boy," said the father, "but I cannot shoot her. She is an eider-duck, a mother-bird; and what she is doing is tearing the feathers out from her own breast to make a soft, warm bed for her little ones. It hurts her, but she does not mind it, because she loves them better than she does herself.

"Do you remember how last winter, when my leg was broken, and you were all belated in that terrible storm, your mother took the shawl from off her own shoulders, wrapped it around your little sister, and then carried her in her arms all the weary way, until at last she saw the light shining from our own window? You know she said it seemed to her a star from heaven. And when you got home the little one was warm; but your poor mother was cold and faint and sick. She had stripped herself of her own clothing that Osla might not suffer, and she did it uncomplainingly, even gladly, because she loved her little child. Wasn't she a good mother?"

The boy looking up, saw tears in his father's eyes.

"Is that what the eider-duck is doing?" he said. "Oh, father, let her live!"

And so the loving mother-bird was spared to care for her young.

The eider-duck has often been named as a type of self-sacrificing motherhood. When she has chosen the spot for her nest, she builds it with great care, selecting for her materials fine sea-weeds and mosses, with dry twigs added, if they are to be had, weaving them together with much skill till all are most firmly interlaced and matted. When the nest is finished she lays her eggs, usually five of them, though there are sometimes as many as six or seven. They are of a pale green color, and are quite large eggs, being as much as three inches long, and rather more than two broad. At first they are laid in the bare nest; but as soon as the mother begins to brood, then she proceeds to tear the soft down from her breast, and places it all about them, making a lining of it for the bottom and sides of the nest, as well as covering the eggs over thickly at the top.

Now, this eider-down is far lighter and more elastic than any similar substance known, and is so greatly coveted by man that the poor birds are regularly robbed of it by the farmers upon whose land they build their nests. Indeed, the collecting of the eider-down has become a great industry in Iceland and Norway.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

"IF WE HAD N'T!"

WHAT an interesting little epitaph to write above the graves of so many speeches and deeds buried in the past, — "If we had n't!" Oh, if we had n't said this, or had n't done that! What fools we were in our hotspur haste! We all appreciate the value of self-control. The inflammable word that is flashed out will only kindle a fire on the other side. The hasty, unjust act only arouses the spirit we would subdue. "Oh, if we had n't!"

How fortunate the man who can shut mouth-gate on the mob of indignant feelings crowding forward to raise an outside shout, and can thus show to the world a calm, dignified front! How can we close that gate? There is comfort in the thought that every time we do shut it, another time it will not open so easily. The less often a gate is used, the rustier grow the hinges. That is the human side of this subject. Then we must let Christ keep the gate, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again. The best way to control self is through the rectification of self by the spirit of Jesus. When that fills the soul, not only will the gate be occupied, but no mob of indignant feelings will be raised within, clamorous to rush out in heat and injustice. — *Sunday-School Journal*.

THREE SHORT SERMONS WITHOUT ANY TEXTS.

I. If it is dishonest to clip a coin, what is the practice, common with so many young people, of clipping the first or last letters off their words, or destroying their identity by running half-a-dozen together like dried apples on a string, to be called? A slovenly habit, to say the least. Listen to Joe as he says: "Had yerdinner?" "Jerknow I'm goin'ter Sund'-school? Come goer longwoncher?" This may look like a curious language, but it is written just as spoken in our hearing.

II. Don't grumble about having to work! One of the best friends to whom you will ever be introduced, if you have not been already, is Mr. Toil. What sugar and cream are to coffee, work and care are to life, sweetening it and making it precious. It is a misfortune and a disgrace not to do some kind of honest work; and there is something low and disreputable in being a mere consumer only.

III. Some little people were playing "farm," and in all their "fields" had planted trees, by cutting off branches and sticking them in the earth. Very cool and shady did they look for a little while, until the sun wilted the leaves, and then they learned that trees without roots are not worth much. We have seen other things that are like trees without roots; some children can be very nice and polite when auntie or cousins are visiting at the house, but as soon as they are gone, their good manners all wilt and are gone. Their politeness did not spring from the heart. — *Our Morning Guide*.

A SPOILED DAY.

BY EDITH ROBINSON.

Author of "Forced Acquaintances."



OME in, won't you?"

"Can't stop, thank you. We have n't time. My friend Miss Nelson, Miss Gray."

The second of the two speakers was Anna Abbott. She was seated with her friend Miss Nelson in a pretty phaeton, with an embroidered carriage cover tucked in daintily about them. Both girls wore fresh cambric gowns and pretty shade-hats,

— a refreshing picture on a hot July morning, one would have thought. And so it would have been to any but Elsie Gray, — and to her, too, probably, at any other moment than the present.

She stood a moment longer in the kitchen doorway, watching the phaeton till it was out of sight; then went back to the pie-making that was part of the regular Saturday morning's work, with a dull ache at her heart that had not been there before. She had gone to the door five minutes before to get a breath of fresh air at just the moment, as it happened, that Anna drove past with her city friend. Anna had stopped and spoken, had introduced Miss Nelson, had done all, indeed, that courtesy required, but — she had not accepted the invitation to "come in," and had evidently had no intention of stopping. In fact, she had said as much.

"She need not come in if she does n't want to," thought Elsie, bitterly. "I know our house is not like hers, but she had time enough to come in if she had cared to!"

The recollection, too, of a laugh that had floated back to her as the phaeton rolled off, rankled in her heart. It had been directed, of course, against her calico dress and rolled-up sleeves and big apron. There was a smooch on her face, too, that she discovered presently, when she went to the little ten-by-twelve looking-glass over the sink, to see just how bad she had looked, in the way that even sensible girls will add to their discomfort. No curls, either! How could one's hair be expected to stay in curl over the stove, anyway? If one had nothing to do but to drive and play tennis, it would be another thing.

She gave the offending locks, that truth to say stood out in every direction about her face, a revengeful pull, and went back to pie-making. But she could not shake off the effect of those five minutes at the door, — in fact, she did not try to; and to add to her discomfort, everything, from the moment when she had been slighted by her friend, seemed to go wrong. On opening the oven door to put the last pie in, she discovered that she had forgotten about the previous batch, and that quirls and wriggles of blackened pastry looked reproachfully at her from their bed of rhubarb, while a stifling odor betrayed too unmistakably that the blueberry pies had "run over," the juice charring into a dismal heap at the bottom of the oven, rising and falling and giving vent to little puffs of steam, like a miniature earthquake. Then, on attempting to rise with one of these latter failures in her hand, her foot caught in her dress. She saved herself from falling, but it was at the expense of the pie, and there proved to be enough juice left in it to make an ugly stain on the floor. The cake was heavy, and the biscuits that were to have been set to rise for dinner were forgotten till it was too late. It was with an aching head as well as heart that Elsie went to her own room after helping wash the dishes.

She did not run up over the stairs as usual; and the first thing she did, on reaching her room, was to cast herself upon the bed. A good cry followed, which, though it made her head worse, somehow relieved her heart.

"I'll try not to mind if Anna does turn her nose up at me," she whispered to that confidant of so many bruised hearts, the pillow. "I know I did look like a fright, and I don't wonder she was mortified," — all of which did about as much good as reason usually does in trouble. "If she does n't want to bring her friends in, she need n't, that's all," concluded Elsie, giving up her poor little attempt at being wiser than any

other girl of fourteen would have been in her place; and then she turned the pillow over to find a dry place, and presently fell asleep.

She felt better when she awoke, for the headache was gone, and she was cool and rested; and better still when, arrayed in a fresh gown, she set out for the village on some household errand. Her way took her past the Abbotts' house, and there were the two girls on the piazza.

Her first impulse was to turn her head and look the other way as she went by. Her second, which she followed, was to bow very stiffly and without a smile.

"Elsie! Elsie!" called her friend's voice, and Anna came running down the pathway. "Come up, won't you?"

"Can't stop, thank you. I have n't the time." It was so pleasant to be able to say back the very words that had rankled in her heart all day! Happily, they failed of their effect. Anna evidently did not recognize them as her own, and had seized her friend's arm.

"Do come!" she pleaded. "Jennie is such a nice, pleasant girl. Don't be afraid of her!"

Afraid of her! Why should she be, indeed, even if she was always busy Saturday mornings, and had n't a phaeton, and did not live in a city, and only wore a cambric gown that she had done up herself, instead of a soft woollen one like Miss Nelson's, of which she did not even know the name? Elsie had allowed herself to be drawn up to the piazza while these thoughts were passing through her mind, and had responded stiffly to the greeting of Anna's friend.

"What a lovely home you have!" Miss Nelson began by saying — she really did have a pleasant, friendly look. "I want so much to come and see you, if I may. Anna drove past the house this morning on purpose for me to see it."

"We were coming to see you this afternoon, if we had n't seen you walking by," added Anna.

Elsie had intended that her manners should be very stiff and ceremonious, quite freezing, in fact; but the words of both girls had so surprised her that she said exactly the thing she did not mean to say, and which she had secretly determined never even to hint at.

"Why didn't you come in this morning, then?" she asked, and the next moment could have bitten her tongue out.

"Why, would you really have liked us to?" said Anna, in surprised tones. "I did not intend even to stop, for I knew you would be busy, and it is so horrid having callers come in when you are in the midst of cooking; but I was glad of a chance just to say good-morning."

"I told Anna that on no account was she to stop anywhere," added Anna's friend, "because we had been playing tennis, and my hair was out of curl. Between that and being so awfully sun-burnt, I was a perfect fright; and there were some berry stains on my face, too, that I never knew of till Anna laughed at me. I hope you did n't see that great smooch! Altogether, I don't wonder Anna was ashamed of me!"

Elsie could not speak for a full minute. When she did, she had entirely forgotten that her manners were to be of the freezing kind, and said, with a cordiality there could be no mistaking, —

"I hope you will come and see me, and soon. I was busy this morning, but I'd love to have you both come and play croquet;" and instead of making only a five minutes call, she spent the rest of the afternoon on the piazza, and did not go home till after tea, when the little phaeton was again ordered out, and the three girls drove home together in the cool of the evening.

So Elsie had just made an unhappy day for herself out of nothing! That was the thought in her mind beneath the friendly chatter on the piazza and in the drive home.

And it had all — the envy, the unkind thoughts the headaches, even the ugly stains on the kitchen floor that mother had scolded about — come from what? Yes, that was it, — it had all come from misinterpreting another's motives.

Teachers' Department.

THE STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE.¹

THIS little book, prepared with affection, appeals to three classes of readers, — those who knew and respected Rev. Mr. Gerry; those who are interested in philanthropic work; and lastly, those of the young who respond to unselfish character. Out of this volume a thoughtful teacher can easily draw valuable material. It deserves a place in every Sunday-school library. "How vividly," says a sympathetic English reader of this book, "all is brought before one!" And an American friend writes about it as follows: "It should be very widely read, especially by the young. Its influence can but be inspiring and healthful to a degree much beyond the lives of many who are called great." Mr. Gerry believed in the Sunday-school, and maintained a flourishing one. His life and methods are worthy of study along that line. But we lay stress upon the career of this faithful soul, as enforcing loyalty, patience, the nobility of service, and the ultimate victory of Christian faith and hope. Let teachers illustrate these truths out of their own ranks. Such examples come home to ingenuous youth. Being dead, our friend shall still speak and instruct and guide.

E. A. H.

¹ THE STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE. EDWIN J. GERRY. A Memoir. By his daughter, S. Fannie Gerry Wilder. pp. 151. Price, \$1.50 net. For sale by the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

TWO NEW MANUALS.

1. FROM the Unitarian Sunday-School Association we have received "Sunday Lessons for Infants," by AUNT AMY, with outline illustrations for the black-board. Cloth. pp. 136. Price 75 cents.

We are sorry Aunt Amy calls her pupils "infants." Her excellent Lessons are designed for the younger children in the Primary Department. After an introductory chapter giving valuable suggestions to Primary-Class teachers, the author expands and explains the teachings of certain Sunday-school hymns. In general her talks and illustrations relate to natural objects, through which she seeks to lead her pupils' minds up to Nature's God. The book contains in all twenty-six lessons. We cordially commend it to the attention of our Sunday-schools.

2. The Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society has issued for "A Union Course for the Year" 1887-88, "Lessons on Luke," prepared by Rev. David Utter. Price 25 cents in paper covers. pp. 64.

From the author's preface we learn that the plan of these Lessons has grown out of the experiences of the Chicago Unitarian Sunday-school teachers, who believe that only "a very small amount of teaching can be done in a Sunday-school under the most favorable conditions." This plan is a "one-topic plan with very few questions." The principal aim is to "fill the pupils' minds with texts and facts through the memory." There are but six questions to each Lesson, and of these only two are required to be answered by each scholar. The

Notes on each Lesson are correspondingly brief, hardly more than hints to the teachers as to what they should look up and think about.

These "Lessons," together with all the other publications of the Western Society, are for sale at the Rooms of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL TRAINING: ITS NEEDS AND ITS IDEAL.

BY MISS KATE L. BROWN.

(Continued from our last Number.)

WE need more definiteness in our religious thinking and teaching. The Evangelical child can give you a reason for the faith that is in him; why should not our children? True, we Unitarians have no formal creed, but we have a common faith. Why should not the grand truths of that faith be taught our children in language suitable to their years? I should not attempt to teach the existence of God; that is almost a self-evident fact. It cannot be demonstrated, simply felt. But we may teach that he is Love, Power, Knowledge, ever-present. We can teach what the Christ-life is, and why Jesus is elder brother to all mankind; we can influence the tender little hearts to follow him. We must teach duties and obligations toward others. We must make clear the difference between right and wrong, and the consequences of evil-doing; we must impress it upon the child that he is fully accountable for every consciously wrong action. I do not see why a catechism may not be prepared which every well-instructed Unitarian child shall learn. Many would object to this, from the same feeling that they shrink from a written creed. This seems to me rather the morbid extreme of conscientiousness.

Many persons believe that we teach nothing in our schools, and children have actually been sent to us for that reason! Now, I for one am tired of the reproach. True, we will not bias young minds except to ideals of love and beauty; we will not force doctrines upon them before they are fit to appreciate intellectual distinctions. We do not propose to sow doubts, or to be silent when a true courage should shame us into speaking. Teach we must certain fundamental doctrines, and we must tell the truth about them. Some seem to fear that if we teach the truth we do injury to the child faith: nothing could be more mistaken.

A class of girls were once reading the stories of Genesis with much interest. "Is it true?" they inquired, with puzzled faces. I did not answer them immediately, but called attention to the underlying truth in each. One child suggested that they were fairy stories. "But your fairy stories are not true," I said. "What is the good of them, then?" "Oh, that makes no difference," was the quick reply. "Fairy stories, like parables, teach some truth. The truth is true, even if the story isn't."

"I don't believe it makes much difference," said another thoughtful child. "They show us how to be good, just the same. I've noticed that everything in the Bible comes around to teaching us how to be good."

It must be confessed that much of our teaching has been vague and apologetic. Our young people go from us not knowing why they are Unitarians, unless it is because they are not something else. Now, this is wrong; and I greatly marvel that we have accomplished what we have, under the circumstances.

"You believe in copying the Orthodox," said a friend, recently. Certainly; the good in everybody should be recognized by none more freely than by the unbogoted Unitarian. Truth is universal, and common-sense methods are the monopoly of no one body. It is only that we are too timid to use the heritage of God. We may learn much that is good from our Evangelical neighbors. True, they have their faults like ourselves; but their virtues are so sturdy and wholesome that it becomes us to study and profit by

them. We are not so faultless that we can afford to carp and criticise. And if there is a lack of confidence and appreciation, let it not be on our side.

I have spoken of the great needs of our Sunday-school training, — the lack of earnestness, of complete organization, of definiteness in instruction. What is the ideal toward which we must strive? What may be the fruits of our labors be?

The aim of all Unitarian teaching has been, and ever will be, the formation of a true and noble character. "Oh, yes; you are *good* people," is the frequent remark, with its undercurrent of reproach. This reproach should be our greatest glory. Oh, if we can only train these children to be honest, upright, truthful, pure, and loving!

It is true that the Christian life is something more than correct moral living, but I have immense faith and respect for any religious body which makes its adherents good. Too many, with all their pretensions, do not succeed in doing this.

The first and deepest emotion should be that of reverence, not only in the heart, but expressed in outward actions. Children cannot learn too early the significance of holy things. Religion and all its accompaniments are to be spoken of with a serious respect. Conduct at church and Sunday-school, the manner of mentioning the Bible and kindred topics, and above all, consideration and courtesy for the opinions of others, — all these show the worth of a child's training. The little one must be taught that God is his Heavenly Father, loving him more tenderly than any earthly parent can; that he is always ready to help and comfort; that all one can do is to love him, do his will, and be kind and good to those about him. It is only when we grow older and prouder that we lose the child faith and wander away with painful strays into paths every step of whose flinty road must be retraced. Oh, let us wrap these children in a supreme tenderness, and thus show them even some feeble semblance of the love that never wavers! Let us make churches and Sunday-schools so winning that the children will love to go to them! The Church must be to them God's house, not because he dwells there only, but because he has promised to be in that place where the love and yearning of men seek him. If the seed of reverence is early sown, its budding life gently stimulated, an innumerable train of virtues will follow. The ideal Sunday-school training not only produces reverence but encourages worship.

Teach the children that God will always listen to them, that he loves to hear their requests, and will give them just what they need to make them good and happy. Bid them pray for help, strength, and knowledge. Temporal blessings may be had for the labor, — the Father knows we have need of them; but spiritual blessings must be sought early and late.

In this connection let me speak of the value of some inspiring and beautiful ritual. In this respect we have erred, like our sister branch in Congregationalism. Our services have been poor and meagre, stripped of all that is beautiful or emotional. The preacher has towered above the people on a chilly height where few could follow. *We sit and listen to him as he praises God*, never dreaming that this is our duty and privilege as well. I believe deeply in the value of forms. There is that in human nature which demands such clothing of the highest ideas in some symbol of action or expression. Forms and ceremonies may be made like the rounds of Saint Augustine's ladder; they may lift us up from our dead levels into higher atmospheres, fraught with love, devotion, and joy of service. I would keep the beautiful old rite of baptism, not because there is or can be any miraculous efficacy in it, but because the tender outward action must help the earnest parent in truly rearing the tender little ones. I do not see why our young people, on arriving at suitable age, and after necessary instruction, should not be admitted to the Church by some simple rite of confirmation. The Lord's Supper, with its tender, refining influences, have we not neglected or undervalued that?

In both church and Sunday-school the service should be to some extent liturgical. We lose interest in any service in which we do not take part. It is true that the grandest ritual may become a formalism, but not necessarily. Our danger lies hardly in that direction. We are suffering more to-day from the lack of religious outspokenness. True, we Congregationalists rarely bow the knee in public; but it would do us no harm, — the opposite, rather: not to call ourselves "miserable sinners," but with both heart and lips to ask that spiritual food for which we are starving and dying. We do not need sermons so much — what body has been more faithfully sermonized? — as worship, hearty and sincere. Our philosophy, science, literature have been ably presented; but these, though necessary, are not enough. Deeper than all, strong with our heart's strongest crying, is the hunger of the soul after God. Our highest philosophies, our keenest knowledge but lead us more persistently to the discovery that there must be something better. Call it weakness, sentimentality, if you will; but one hour comes to high and low, to the learned and the ignorant. And in that hour our deepest longing is to lay as it were our heads upon the Lord's lap, to make known our most secret wish, and to rise strong in the Divine comfort. To what heritage shall we lead our children, — to the knowledge of what is not, to a merely intellectual distinction between correct and incorrect opinions? or shall it be to an intimate friendship with God himself?

I know of no faith grander, higher, or more beautiful than ours. It is full of freedom, yet of faith; of reverence, yet of inquiry. It may satisfy alike the reason, the conscience, and the heart. There is little pertinency in inquiring, "Is the Unitarian faith a satisfying one?" The question should rather be, "Are we worthy of our great opportunity?"

I have no fear that our faith will die out. The question which faces us is, "Who shall be the gatherers of the harvest?" If we are blind, half-hearted, indifferent, the vineyard will be taken from us and given to worthier workmen. Our knowledge, our culture, our social prestige, will not avail us. It is only by love and toil, by sacrifice and patience, that the prize will be won.

The fields are whitening for the harvest, and every wind of God bears to our half-sealed ears the divine message. God grant that the word may be said of us, "Blessed is that servant whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."

Hints to Teachers.

1. *Work together.* There should be in every Sunday-school an *esprit du corps*, — a general spirit of camaraderie and fellowship. Too often a teacher's work is isolated, and in a too real sense isolated. The warm glow of brotherly feeling among the teachers will heat the iron which each has to shape on his own anvil.

2. While adaptation to your pupils' aptitudes is essential to successful teaching, yielding to their chance wishes and surface desires as to what or how they shall study, is a sign of weakness that is sure to be discovered by the pupils themselves. Take counsel as to text-books and lesson-methods, not with your class, but with your superintendent and pastor.

3. It goes without saying that in a Unitarian Sunday-school the liberty and individualism of each teacher are respected. All the greater is the need in our schools of some graded system in which general lines of study are laid down, and a choice offered of good text-books and practical lesson-helps. A teacher who is "all at sea" at the beginning of each Sunday-school year, not knowing what to do next, is a reproach to the school to which she belongs. Imagine a day-school teacher not knowing what topics a fourth-class or a first-class should study, or what lesson-helps on such topics are available!

4. The three "I's" which a teacher should keep in mind are *Interest, Instruct, Inspire*. No one of these three things can be done well unless heed is paid to the other two.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

MRS. GERTRUDE T. JACOBS, the Secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union has been spending some time at Deerfield, Mass. She recently addressed the Sunday-school connected with the Deerfield Unitarian Society. Miss Jacobs' many friends will be glad to hear of her improved health.

MISS LUCY WHELOCK, who is so well known to our Sunday-school teachers, and who has been a frequent and welcome contributor to *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY*, recently supplied the pulpit of her father, the pastor of the Congregational Church in Cambridge, Vt. She did not preach, but, what was much better, gave an earnest and simple talk on religious duty, using the blackboard by way of illustration, as if she had been speaking to her own large Sunday-school class in Boston. Having heard one of these talks, we are sure that Miss Wheelock's hearers at the church-service not only learned new and practical lessons in religion, but were also given a fresh interpretation of the Master's words: "Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

IN THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL in Brewster, reward-cards are given to the scholars for good attendance and good lessons.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL in Harrison Square, Mass., is fortunate this year in securing for one of its teachers Mr. E. T. Horn, principal of the Prescott School, Boston, and formerly President of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union.

THE "LEND-A-HAND" CLUB of the Unitarian Sunday-school in Newport, R. I., raises money by regular contributions every Sunday at the school session, and by occasional entertainments. The Club meets on Sundays after school, whenever anything is to be done. Last year the Club assisted the "Country Week," educated a Crow Indian at Mr. Bond's School, sent a Christmas box to one of the Rhode Island Reform Schools, and helped in various ways the old, the poor, and the sick in Newport.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY'S NEW BOOKS.

I. PART I. OF QUARTERLY LESSONS ON FORTY HYMNS is attracting a good deal of attention. Some Sunday-school classes are already using it. Ministers are also planning to unite Sunday-school and congregation in a general study of these hymns and in the use of them at Sunday evening services. A sample copy of Part I., with the ten hymns, will be sent, post free, to any address on receipt of twelve cents.

II. A second edition of the "Manual of Temperance Services and Hymns" has just been published. This Manual ought to be in every Unitarian Sunday-school. Apart from the value of the services, the music and the hymns are alone worth more than the price of the Manual. A sample copy will be sent, post free, to any address for ten cents.

The uniform subscription price of *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY* is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

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